

Camp McArthur,
Waco Texas,
January 19, 1918.

Dear Brother:

You may be looking for a letter from me in answer to the one Papa said you wrote to me. I did not get it but, in view of the fact that you did write I am writing again.

I wish I had known all about Kellyfield that I do now then I would have had you send my mail in care of the K. C's. there, for a good many of the boys did that and had no trouble to get what belonged to them, even after they were transferred.

As it is I have letters and packages by the wholesale at Kellyfield that, I suppose, I never will get. I am getting quite a little mail now on my new address and will get more soon.

The other day I got a comfort-kit from the Red Cross of Genesee and, a letter from a lady-friend in Spokane stating that she was making me a sweater and would send it as soon as she got a definite address.

I'll certainly be lucky with sweaters if Marg. (Marguerite Tobin) makes me one too-she said that she would but, I haven't heard from her since I left. Have you ever seen her in Genesee?

Some of the boys in my tent are getting mail every day-letters and packages too. They get cigarettes & candy in Christmas packages and someone is always treating the bunch and we have all kinds of good things to eat.

A good many get letters, just like I do stating that so-and-so had been sent to Kellyfield but they never received any, so there must be something rotten going on in the organization or the mail service there is on the bum. The military officials had been running it, but last week the Federal department took it into hands and we expect better service for they are experienced and not so meddlesome as a lot of these cheap officers.

You, no doubt, are going to school every day thru the cold and snow and getting no wiser fast.

How is your girl in school and how is Mr. Ranow? Give him my regards, I will write to him some time later.

In Papas' letter I wrote of how nice the weather is here, but today we got notice that another blizzard is coming. It is supposed to be a hundred

miles away and the wind is blowing like hell now, and our tents are flapping like the devil.

I will tell you some of the slang and slogans that lead here.

Instead of B- S- we say some – Sh-t-drawing the “some” out long and then we will say “Now all together, some s – t.” If anyone asks “Did you have enough to eat?” or anything like that, we say “Oh! I hope.” Instead of saying he was sore, we say, “He was hard-boiled about it,” or we say “Well you needn’t get hard-boiled.” “You can just tell the world that I’m not going” etc.

If anyone asks a question we say “I’ll say it is”, “I’ll say I am”, “I’ll say you are”, as the case may be with the accent on “I’ll” [“I’ll say I’m hungry”][“I’ll say he did.]

You are “S. O. L.” shit outo’ luck. If anyone tells a story we say, instead of B.S. “Now all together Some ----

For any meal we say “chow” and a toilet is a latrine.

It is getting chilly so I must quit. Don’t let anyone or everyone get this it is too dirty.

Your Bud Hy.

Sunday Morning now 11:07 A.M and I am at the K. C. Hall. Church is just out. Be good & you’ll never be sorry Hy.

Soft Pedal on This sheet.

There’s B.S. in it.

